

HANDS UP!

ANOTHER TRAIN ROBBERY

The Texas Central Robbed.

The Express Messenger Shot.

The Bandits Get \$75,000.

Over the Hills and Far Away.

Special to the Sedalia Bazaar.

HUTCHINS, TEX., March 19.

One of the boldest and most daring train robberies ever perpetrated in the United States, occurred at this point last night. It was skillfully planned and audaciously and successfully carried out.

THE SOUTHERN BOUND MAIL TRAIN on the Texas Central, due here at 10:05, came in on time last night, but had no sooner stopped than it was boarded by four masked men, who went quickly and energetically to work.

They at first met with resistance from the train men, and about twenty shots were exchanged, during which THE EXPRESS MESSENGER, THOMAS, was shot twice, one ball going through his throat and dangerously wounding him.

The robbers then secured the engineer, fireman, agent and a negro who was on the platform, and turned them into

A LIVING BREAST WORK

by placing them in front of the door of the express car. Under the cover of these they dashed into the car and quickly overpowered the messenger.

They then rapidly went through the express and mail matter, and succeeded in getting booty to the amount of about

SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

After they had secured their plunder they coolly mounted their horses and rode off in a northerly direction, toward the Trinity bottoms.

A DESCRIPTION.

The leader of the bandits was a young man of about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. He was about five feet high, squarely built, dark complexion and hair. His companions were all young men.

HUTCHINS STATION.

This point is a small town on the Texas Central, in Dallas county, about twenty miles south of Dallas.

THE PURSUIT.

Armed parties are being sent out in every direction as fast as it is possible to collect men and organize them. It is thought the bandits cannot escape and that their capture is certain.

Marshall.

We are no longer the "town" but the "city" of Marshall; and it is but proper that we should indulge in at least a few brief retrospects. We are sorry that our space precludes anything but a few notes. The last on which the city stands, 65 acres, was donated, as a free gift, to the town of Marshall, in 1830, by Mr. Jerry Odell and his wife, 15 acres of the 80 being reserved by him for one of his sons. The town was then located about 40 years ago. A court house was speedily built, and Marshall grew slowly but surely up to the breaking out of the war. The four years' reign of terror covered by the war had, of course, the same effect upon Marshall that it had upon nearly all other Missouri towns—not only checked its growth but caused an actual retrograde.

During the war the court house was burnt; and immediately after the war closed, by a tax levied upon the people, and a new and very costly one was built, but it has since proved unsafe and almost a total failure. There have been several additions to Marshall since the war; and notwithstanding the great drawback in facilities for transportation, it has steadily improved, and now at the change in its organization contains over 2,000 inhabitants. "Uncle" Jerry Odell, the generous donor of this splendid gift 40 years ago, is still living. The old gentleman lives on his farm of five miles north of Marshall, and notwithstanding his advanced age, in good weather rides into town almost every day. Having been born in Tennessee, in March, 1798, he is now 80 years of age; and having come here in 1819, he has now been in Missouri fifty-nine years. Mr. Odell has reared a large family of children, of which four sons and one daughter are now living, among our most respected and well-to-do citizens. We regret that we are not able to go into a more general and detailed history, but even these meagre notes we hope will prove interesting.

—Prejudice often rules in the physical treatment of babies. They are allowed to suffer and scream with pain from Colic, Flatulence, Bowel Disorders, etc., when some simple reliable and safe remedy as Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, would give almost immediate relief and perfect ease to the little sufferer.

LATER.

FURTHER PARTICULARS

Of the Bold Daring Deed.

A Hot and Fierce Pursuit.

Description of the Robbers.

Special to the Sedalia Bazaar.

DALLAS, TEXAS, March 18.

The following account appears in the Dallas Herald this morning:

"Last night, just previous to the arrival of the South-bound express and passenger train No. 4, on the Texas Central Railway, at Hutchins Station,

FOUR MASKED MEN

dashed in and overpowered the Agent when the train arrived. The robbers placing him before them, moved towards the engine, firing as they advanced, the railroad agent calling to the messenger, and begging him

NOT TO SHOOT.

The men in the cab of the engine were also taken captive, and placed before the robbers, when they moved on the express car.

In the meantime the messenger, Henry A. Thomas, extinguishing the lights, made the fastenings doubly secure. The

MASKERS BROKE IN THE DOOR,

and in the exchange of shots, that again ensued, the messenger was badly wounded. The engineer, fireman, agent and a negro were then placed in the front part of the car, while the contents of

THE EXPRESS WAS RIFLED,

the robbers getting about forty-five hundred dollars. They did not offer to molest the passengers, withdrawing as soon as they had gained

THEIR BOOTY.

going in a northerly direction, towards Trinity Bottom. The leader of the gang is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, weight one hundred and forty-five or one hundred and fifty pounds, black hair and eyes; whiskers about ten days old and sun burnt complexion. They were

THOROUGHLY ARMED

and well mounted, and it is supposed they are the same gang who robbed the train a short time at Allen station. In effecting the

CAPTURE OF THE TRAIN

fifteen or twenty shots were fired, but it is not known whether either of the masked party were wounded or not.

THE WOUNDED MESSENGER

is a cousin of J. Thomas who was in charge of the express company when robbed at Allen station. Immediately after the flight of the robbers, the citizens of Hutchins organized themselves into a party and followed

IN PURSUIT.

Superintendent Quinlan telegraphed to all points to look out for them. Upon receipt of the telegram Marshall Morton had the

POLICE MOUNTED

and guards placed at Trinity bridge and at the forks below and on all the main roads leading to the city. While a posse of men were organized to scour the country.

EXPRESS AGENT CORNISH,

the capturer of Spottwood, the Allen robber, boarded a south bound freight for Hutchins in order to get on the direct trail of the robbers.

Up to the hour of going to press nothing new had been heard concerning

THE ROBBERS.

This is one of the boldest robberies on record, and shows but too plainly that the days of

THE CLAUDE DUVALS

and their class are not yet over. That such a cool, deliberate and daring deed could be committed in such thickly settled neighborhood seems almost beyond belief, and decisive measures corresponding to the offense should be taken to suppress these bravo doers.

Romantic Wedding.

A rather romantic marriage occurred at the residence of Mr. Wm. Catlett, in Homer township on Sunday morning, March 10th. Miss Mary E. Lynch, of Adams county, Ill., is visiting her uncle, Mr. Catlett. Some weeks since she was taken quite ill, and about the first of this month her recovery was regarded as exceedingly doubtful; whereupon her affianced, Mr. Scipio Stratton, of the same county and State, was telegraphed to come on at once, which he did, and on the morning of the day mentioned Rev. J. R. Reed united them in the bonds of matrimony, she being barely able to sit up in bed. The young groom left the following day for his home in Illinois, and from late reports we are glad to state that the bride is recovering and will soon join her husband in that happy land—Adams county. So mote it be.—Bates County Review.

—No one can develop the grace of meekness by listening to a crying baby. Stop its fretfulness by giving the colic with Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

THE DEED OF A DEMON.

An Old Couple Murdered, Robbed and Burned.

Intelligence has reached Kookuk, in that a shocking double murder was committed Friday night, near Vile, in Jefferson township. The victims were an aged German couple named Henry and Margaret Grayer, the former seventy-four and the latter sixty-seven years of age, who lived on a farm.

At midnight a brother, who resides near by, awoke and discovered Grayer's house to be on fire. Procuring assistance he proceeded to the spot, and found the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Grayer lying near the door. With the aid of a forked pole the bodies were rescued from the flames, but in a most horrible condition, being burned so as to be beyond recognition. The top and back of Mr. Grayer's skull was gone, and presented the appearance of having been crushed in by a blow. His left arm was burned off near the shoulder, both legs nearly to the trunk, and the body badly scorched and blistered. The body of Mrs. Grayer was in the same condition. On examination two bullet holes were found in her left side.

The house, with its contents, was entirely consumed. A revolver, with one chamber discharged, and the hammer drawn back, ready for another shot, was found in the debris. All the fastenings on the doors were found to have been unlocked and the keys in them. Everything tends to show that the couple were murdered for their money, and the house fired to conceal the crime. It is not known what amount of money was secured, but as Grayer is known to have accumulated largely, it is thought to have been a considerable sum. Some reports say \$15,000, but no reliable estimate can be made of the amount. They had been collecting their money together in anticipation of a trip to the old country.

An inquest was held and a verdict rendered to the effect that the deceased came to their death feloniously, and by the hand of some person or persons unknown. The funeral will take place to-morrow. There has been intense excitement in the vicinity of the murder all day. Hundreds of people have been gathered there, and a determined search being made for the perpetrators. As yet there is no positive clue, but several persons are under suspicion, and are being closely watched. The traces of one man were found leading from the field to the house, as well as away from it. The latter showed that the man was making long strides.

—Stop that coughing; if you do not it may kill you. A bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup only costs you 25 cents, and its timely use may save your life.

Miller to Hang.

In the case of Frank Miller, convicted last week in the Lexington Criminal court for murder in the first degree, as an accessory with Richard Green in the murder of Deputy Marshal Hughes, of Jackson county, sentence was passed yesterday. Judge Walker presided, and sentenced the young man to be hung on Wednesday, May 8, 1878. A motion for a new trial was argued Monday by Major Woodson, the defendant's able attorney, and County Attorney Young, of this county. The motion was overruled and an appeal taken to the Supreme court. It is the general opinion here that the prisoner ought not to hang; and a very strong effort will be made, if the Supreme court refuses to grant a new trial, to get Gov. Phelps to commute the sentence to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life.

Suspicious.

It was rumored in this city Saturday, that Friday evening, a short time before the train, which left Denison at 5:30 p. m., was expected at the water tank near McKinney, eight masked men rode up and asked the driver to stop the train for the purpose of taking water. He answered in the affirmative, whereupon the party left. The man hastened to McKinney to notify the proper officers, but before he could raise an alarm, the train passed without being molested. We give the report as we heard it, without vouching for its truth.—Denison News.

Death of a Pioneer.

Capt. Oswald Kidd died at his residence in Georgetown, this morning, at 7 o'clock, aged seventy years.

Capt. Kidd was one of the earliest pioneers in Pettis county, coming here from Kentucky in 1830. He lived on the site of Georgetown before it became a town, in 1834, and kept the first hotel in that place. He built the first carding mill in Central Missouri, and ran it for several years. In 1856 he lost his wife and two daughters by cholera. In 1859 he married Mrs. Marshall, of Warrensburg, by whom he had a number of children. He leaves four married daughters, one the wife of Col. Sam. A. Love, Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. John W. Christian and Mrs. Hughes, wife of Dr. B. F. Hughes.

The deceased was an honest and upright man, and beloved by all who knew him. He was a member of the Masonic Order and of the Baptist church.

A Dishonest Negro.

On Sunday last Father Graham, with others, rode in the St. Patrick procession in a carriage, and during the ride his pocketbook, containing about \$40, worked out of his pocket and fell into the bottom of the carriage, together with a tablet. The money was not missed until some time after he had left the carriage.

An investigation of the matter placed a colored man, named Mack Thompson, under suspicion of having found and concealed the pocketbook, as the tablet was returned. Officer Smith and Messrs. Montgomery and Kelly worked the matter up and succeeded in making Thompson disclose the whereabouts of most of the money. The balance being unaccounted for.

A warrant was issued for the arrest of Thompson and he was brought before Justice Kirby at 2 p. m. to-day. After Thompson was brought before the Justice, it was ascertained that most of the money had been returned, and that some important papers that were in the pocketbook were hid under a sidewalk. The darky started out to pilot Marshall Kelly to their whereabouts, and if they are recovered Thompson will probably get off with light punishment. He has been in the employ of Mr. Ben Lyon.

—A lady in our neighborhood who had suffered for over three months the most extreme tortures by a violent cough, has been completely cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. For sale in every drug store. One bottle 25 cents; five bottles for \$1.00.

A TRUE STORY.

Harry Claxton lay upon his dying bed. His friends were gathered at his bedside anxious about the result, and hoping that something would intervene to stop the ravages of the fell destroyer; but it was hopeless against hope, for Harry was beyond the reach of human skill and he was satisfied in his own mind that he could not endure it much longer. As there was a mystery about many of his actions during a certain period of his life, his friends were anxious to hear his last requests, if any he desired to make, or if he had anything of importance to communicate, either to his friends or to his widowed mother, who lived in wretched solitude on the bank of the Tennessee several hundred miles away.

At the suggestion, Harry requested to be bolted up in bed, and asked for a glass of wine. He drank the wine slowly and having drained the cup to the dregs, he began the following recital of his "shoot" course you all remember that I shot and killed Guy Carleton, and that I was cleared on a plea of self-defense. But, horrible to relate, strange to tell at this late day, although I was clear in the eyes of the law, and honorably acquitted by the people, and especially by that amiable beauty of the mountain side and ravishing belle of the glen, Grace Carleton, Guy's wife, who was the cause of the dark tragedy, I was not clear in my conscience and have never since that time been free from its terrible avenging goadings. Shades of the departed! can it be that the present is but a symbol of what is to be?

I fear it is so, and feel it as it re-echoes the answer from the depths of the innermost recesses of my soul.

Here Harry paused, and called for another draught of wine. After wiping his lips he proceeded. "That was as deliberate and well planned a murder, as was ever conceived in the minds of the most diabolical fiends that I have ever heard of in all the world. I loved Grace Carleton with a passion that was almost mad, and she made me a good return of that love. I wanted her and she reciprocated with the sweetest return 'if it were not for Guy could I not be extremely happy.' Yes, can you procure a divorce, dear Grace? 'I could do anything, Harry, to obtain one.' We tried that plan, but it would not work for we had too much of a treasure in the eyes of her extremely jealous-hearted husband. Then I resolved to get rid of him.

Guy always left his pistol, a six-barreled revolver on the center table under a flowered cloth, so Grace informed me, with strict orders to her to tell no one, and not to disturb it. This suited my plan precisely and made it very feasible. I appointed a time of trying when I knew that Guy would be coming in sight so I could excite his supreme jealousy and cause him to make an advance upon me, which would give me a chance to shoot him in apparent self-defense, and thus ultimately reach the goal of my burning ambition. There was but one thing to do to complete the damnable plot—as it seems to me now—and that was to draw the leader balls from the chambers of my revolver and substitute false or harmless ones made of paper resembling the true ones, knowing that in his excitement he would not take time to make a very critical examination.

To get a chance to do this unbeknown to Grace, whom I had every reason to believe was my true friend, yet a woman was not a safe casket in which to place a jewel so precious as a secret of murder, therefore I requested her to bring me a certain letter which I had written to her and which I knew was hidden away where it would take some little time to find it. She started for it and I lost no time while she was going to begin the work of arranging the pistol according to the plan spoken of, which had just been completed when Grace returned. She handed me the letter and as I glanced at the lines, I raised my eyes and saw Guy standing near the door, and I was not enough to distinguish clearly what we were doing, and to discriminate between a friendly salutation and a lover's embrace I advanced to Grace, placed my arm around her and placed my lips to hers in the most affectionate manner.

Guy saw this and rushed in like a flash and without saying a word grasped his pistol. While he was doing this I was moving towards the door and Grace was begging him to desist from such a rash act, but he was deaf to her entreaties and looted daggers at her and warned her to keep still. To carry out my plan perfectly, I feigned fear and dodged around as though I wanted to get out of the way and retreated towards the gate, when Guy came outside the gate and fired at me, and I dodged behind the gate post begging him to spare my life and pardon my offence; but no, he came like a raging lion determined to destroy. As he stepped outside the gate I saw Guy, and I shot, and stood up before him. He raised and fired again, but this time I returned the fire with the fatal result to all. This was all done in a shorter space of time than I possibly could tell it, and was witnessed by several persons. A year from that time Grace and I married; but oh what a miserable married life for me from the time we married until Guy shot me, although she had granted me a full pardon, saying that I was justified in what I did, and seemed to enjoy herself pleasantly, her peace was entirely broken, and I was in a delirium brought on by disipation. She sickened on hearing it, and in one brief week she died of a broken heart. I have lingered only to suffer the torments of the lower regions before getting there.

After getting through with his story, Harry Claxton took a sudden spasm in his eye and expired.

MARK RICHMOND.

LAMONTE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.
LAMONTE, March 20, 1878.
—Well, our gathering is nearly over and plowing and out sowing has commenced, so the farmers will have plenty to do for a while.

—There was a show or concert at Taylor's Hall, in this place. There was not much of a turn out to it, owing to the revival at the church.

—J. Russell, of this place, met with a dangerous accident yesterday, by his team running off with his wagon, throwing him to the ground and the wheels passing over him.

—In your column of scrip yesterday, you say that owing to the price of eggs and potatoes in your town, that this is a land of pure delight, but it is not, by much price, doth to the farmer?

—The protracted meeting at the Methodist church is still in progress. There is quite a revival going on; a good many having joined the church and many are inquiring the way of life.

—Be sure and call for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, if you are troubled with a cold, cough or cold. It will give you relief. For sale in every drug store. One bottle 25 cents; five bottles for \$1.00.

FORTUNE'S FREAKS.

A Richmond Jail Bird Falls Heir To a Million—Two Boys in Blue Get Fortunes.

RICHMOND, VA., March 15.—Daniel Higgins, an Irish laborer of this city, came to an inheritance of \$1,000,000. The estate which has entailed him to this amount is in Sydney Australia, and was left to him by an ancestor who emigrated from Ireland to that country fifty years ago. J. V. Reddy, an Irish lawyer of the Richmond bar, has been working up the property for years, and made the announcement public this morning. Higgins had recently served out a term in the city jail.

REMARKS BY BADAID'S MILLION.

The reported fortune of \$2,000,000 for Higgins, according to Dame Rumor, has been questioned by the Richmond bar, and B. A. S., caused considerable comment around town yesterday. It was received with doubtful comment by many, while some were firm in their belief in the authenticity of the claims of De Badaid to a Hungarian countship and the \$2,000,000 for as afore said. So far as we can understand, he has as yet received none of his fortune, but a well-to-do friend is advancing him sufficient money to pay current expenses until he receives the first installment of the same.

De Badaid is having a very fine time these days. With his lady, better known here as "the California Detective," he is living in the highest style afforded at Fred White's Omaha House (which has produced more foreign noblemen and large and sudden fortunes than any other hotel in America.) He and the Countess are waited on by a large corps of servants, and yesterday they moved from the second-story room they have occupied over White's barber shop, to first floor apartments in a cottage adjacent to the Omaha House. They ride out every afternoon, smoke good cigars (the Countess never refuses, we believe, and drink fine wine, also do all their friends. Among the latter are very many clerks at military headquarters. We understand the Count expects to receive his first financial installment to-morrow morning. In that event all the headquarters boys will be remembered. In the event that he does not receive the money, Fred White will never forgive him. No, never!

PRIVATE JONES' EXPENDITURES.

While there is some doubt about the truthfulness of the De Badaid affair, there is none whatever about the case of Geo. W. Jones, a private of the Third Cavalry, who has made a wonderful record as a spend-thrift in this city in the past two weeks. Jones was ordered from Fort Laramie to do detail duty at the department headquarters in this city about seven months ago. There was nothing out of the regular routine of the duty he performed in the office of the Adjutant General Department until about five weeks ago, when being informed by telegram of the death of his father, a wholesale druggist in Memphis, Tennessee, he went home on leave. He returned to Omaha, having been absent a little over two weeks, and he brought back with him the sum of \$8,000 in cash. He said he would receive the balance of a fortune of \$150,000 left him by his father, as soon as the estate had been legally acted upon.

He went on a regular, high old spree, spending his money lavishly. He, too, boarded at the Omaha House, and became attached to a servant girl there, he bought her a diamond ring for which he paid over \$100. He bought for himself a very costly gold watch and chain, and was intoxicated with the most expensive wine every day. He finally strayed away from the young lady (a worthy young person, as we are informed) to the company of bawdy women and sporting men. He carried a check-book with him, and gave checks for all the debts he contracted. On one occasion the young lady referred to above went right into one of these dens of vice and brought Jones out. In six days he had checked out \$3,000 from one bank in this city.

Jones was finally relieved from duty at the headquarters, and was sent to Omaha barracks, hoping the change would be of benefit to him; but he absented himself from the barracks, and on one occasion was absent five days without leave. He was found in a gambling house and taken back to the barracks.

It is believed that every dollar of the \$8,000 he brought from Memphis less than three weeks ago, has been spent. He is now in the guard house of the barracks, charged with being absent from duty without leave having been preferred against him.

There resides in Wyandotte county a lady but lately married, who although her husband is lame, is fond, during the absence of her husband, of receiving the attention of other gentlemen; and, being witty, good-looking, and quite young, it is needless to say she has many ardent admirers. But to the story. A short time since, her husband being absent, she sent a very tender little note to one of her gallants, asking if he would escort her to a ball, on a certain evening; and going then to the post office—which one it is not necessary to state, as there are many in the county—dropped the letter in the box and hurried home. Now, it happened the postmaster heard the mischievous fall in the box, and as he was making up the mail, took the letter out to add to his package. He soon found out it was minus a stamp, and went to the door of the office to call back the lady, but seeing she was gone too far, put it one side, intending to return it when called for. Business unexpectedly brought the return of her husband; who, after arriving and settling matters at home, went to the office for letters. The P. M. handed him his mail, and then the little dainty note dropped by his wife, saying: "Mr. X. Y. Z., your wife posted that yesterday, without putting on any stamp. Would you please attend to it?" He did so by tearing it open, and discovering the contents, rushed home and confronted his wife with her perjury. A second followed which would better, the description of any pen or pencil. He finally ordered her from the house, and she is at present home from her parents, while he is hunting her gallant with a nice sized six shooter. So the end has not come yet.—Kansas City Times.

—Babies are the institution and should be guarded against attacks from colic, flatulence, etc., by Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

THE TRAIN WRECKERS.

Examination of Witnesses in Gibson's Case Concluded—Instructions of the Court Read and Argument Begun.

WAYNEVILLE, Mo., via CROCKER, Mo., March 18.—In the Gibson trial to-day the prosecution introduced in rebuttal, E. M. Lilly of Dixon, who was positive that Loflan told him that he had not seen Gibson after six o'clock of the evening of the wreck of the train; Morgan of Richland, who testified that he heard the conversation between Shelton and Anderson and testified that Shelton did not say he (Shelton) was a witness against Gibson because the detectives wanted him to be, and Jesse Salaman of Richland, who testified that Peters, when intoxicated, said that he, Peters, had not seen defendants after six o'clock on the day of the wreck.

After a brief consultation among counsel the case closed suddenly, owing to the absence of three witnesses, and all other witnesses, 200 in number, were discharged. Three-fourths of these witnesses took advantage of the bright moonlight and made their exodus from town, after selling their feeblities to brokers for 60 per cent. The cost to the State of this case up to the present time will be about \$7,000, and if the three other defendants are tried the expense will be nearly \$25,000. To-day opens the

THIRD WEEK OF THE TRIAL.

Of Gibson, and it will be occupied chiefly by arguments to the court and to the jury. A large proportion of the Granger element of Pulaski and adjacent counties are in town, desirous to hear the argument in the case. The court-room, forty feet square, does not accommodate more than a tenth of those anxious to get in. Messrs. Mitchell, O'Day, Hubbard, Bradshaw, Baker and Johnson, counsel for prosecution, and Bland, Seay, Nixon and Wallace, counsel for defendant, rank high for legal ability and forensic power in Southern Missouri, and, therefore, attract more than usual attention.

The instructions asked for by each side were submitted to the court to-day. The jury were withdrawn and the lawyers asked for five hours the questionable points asked to be embodied in the instructions. The main contest was regarding the instruction of the jury on conspiracy, the defendant claiming that the trial was for murder. The father, wife, two sisters, child and niece of Gibson were seated about the defendant to-day in court. The sisters are between twenty and thirty years old and were dressed in the plain style usual to rural Missouri. They closely watched the lawyers and anxiously studied the jury.

than on previous days and looked pleadingly about the court-room. The father, mother and wife of Greenstreet, and wife and sister of Long, were also present.

It has been agreed among the counsel to argue before the jury for twelve hours on each side, so as to submit the case on Wednesday night. The instructions on the part of the state were read to the jury by Mr. Hubbard. They state that the indictment charged the defendant with premeditated murder in the first degree by wilfully tearing up the railroad track and thereby killing Engineer Caton on June 2, 1877, and if the evidence showed Gibson to be accessory before the fact of obstructing the track or removing rails, or that he aided or excited a conspiracy to do the act, or counseled the act for the purpose of robbing the passengers; or disclosed his connection with the affair, either personally or by others alleged to be in the conspiracy, or if the circumstantial evidence presents no reasonable and substantial doubt of Gibson's participating in the conspiracy, the jury should find him guilty and by doing so would have nothing to do with

MEETING OUT THE PUNISHMENT.

Mr. Nixon read instructions given on the part of the defendant, which hold that the evidence to prove Gibson guilty should show that the train must have been wrecked by human agency; that defendant must have removed the rails and caused the engine to run off, with felonious intent to kill and rob the passengers; that the circumstantial evidence must link together and implicate the defendant beyond doubt, the legal presumption of innocence being in favor of defendant; the wreck must have been by a criminal act and not a possible accident, and defendant must be shown to have been present at the time and place of the wreck.

Mr. Hubbard of Springfield opened the argument before the jury for the prosecution, and narrated the circumstantial evidence given by the witnesses for the State. During this narration Mrs. Gibson acted in a meditative mood, and held in her mouth a stem of peach blossoms picked from a door yard opposite the court-house. Occasionally she turned, looking in her husband's face as though she was inquiring if the statements were true.

Died.

At 7 o'clock last evening, Mrs. Emma A. Turner, aged 53 years, after an illness of many weeks.

The funeral services will take place from the residence of her son-in-law, D. T. Hartshorn, on Second street, to-morrow, the 23d, at 10 o'clock a. m.

A man named Jackson got on the war-path in Clinton yesterday evening and wanted to "chaw up" somebody. Oh, he was a wolf from Bitter Creek, the farther up you go the worse you find them, and he was from the head waters. Wild and woolly and hard to carry, the click of the pistol was music in his ear, while the blade of a bowie knife was savor in his soup.

So he stuck a pen knife in a sleepy neighbor's back. And the police yanked him into the calaboose.

This morning we'll bet he dare not look a sore-eyed lamb in the face.

A Hard Fall.
Henry Klink, a delivery boy at the market, had a fearful fall this morning. He was riding pretty rapidly over the rough ground on Second street, just east of Ohio, when his horse stumbled and fell, throwing him on the ground, after which the animal rolled over him. He got up on his feet, however, but was badly hurt and trembled like a leaf. He is a gritty little chap, though, for in a moment or two he remounted his horse and was off with his meat.

—Babies are too highly prized to permit them to suffer with colic, flatulence, etc., when Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will at once relieve them. Price 25 cents.

FIRE AT LAMONTE.

The Merchant Mill Burned—Probable Cause—Insurance—Narrow Escape.

This morning, about half past three o'clock the Merchants Mill at this place was discovered to be on fire, and burned to the ground, together with about 4,000 pounds of flour and about 200 bushels of wheat, also some four or five grists belonging to the patrons.

The loss is heavy on the owners of the mill, Messrs. McConnell & Hall. It was insured for about \$2,000 in the Franklin Company of St. Louis. The miller who was sleeping in a small corner room in the mill had barely time to make his escape, losing his clothing, trunk and contents, together with \$20 in money, also notes to the value of six or seven hundred dollars. He had to be furnished clothes to put on to enable him to dress this morning.

There are various opinions as to the cause of the fire. Some attribute